

SPRIT OF KOSCIUSKO.

WILLIAM E. SMITH,

("WHERE LIBERTY DWELLS THERE IS MY COUNTRY.")

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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ADVERTISEMENTS not marked with the number of insertions will be inserted until forbid & charged accordingly. Announcing candidates for office, will be \$10. No name will be inserted unless we are specially authorized by some responsible person. Publications of a personal nature will be charged double price. Letters addressed to the Editor on business connected with the office, must be Post Paid or they will not be attended to.

POETRY.

THE SPIRIT OF KOSCIUSKO. LINES TO —.

When years have passed away,
When these lines may see,
Memory one tear awake,
Prayer, one sigh for me.

On the cold and silent earth
Long, this head has pressed,
For the wanderer's fate
Thy gentle breast.

Would I envy grandeur's tomb,
That stands in bold relief,
Captured wreath that wealth has bought,
Pageantry of grief.

My spot be mine to lie,
With the willow tree;
Thou form may wander there,
Sensive weep for me.

W.

MISCELLANY.

from the London Magazine.]

AN ENGLISH TALE,

OF THE WIDOW'S FIELD,

Effects of Political Animosity.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

Years before I retired to the
—, there lived in the vicinity
place which I subsequently
for my "local habitation,"
women, whose beauty was
dower, but it was of so rare
that they had scarcely emerged
girlhood before each was be-
competitors, and some of no
pretensions, for her hand—
ere simple country maidens,
daughters, and though they
ve been termed rival beauties,
ached friends. Their lots in
ny—and what, after all, as far
blind vision of mortals is con-
s matrimony but a lottery?—
ely different. One married a
freeholder, who farmed some
x hundred acres of his own
that the best in the county;
was Benson. The other dam-
her lot with a small farmer, one
Holcroft, whose land, with the
n of a little patrimony, con-
of a homestead and some forty
s held under a lease from a no-
who resided in the neighbor-

relative position of the two
women, as far as worldly cir-
ces went, was greatly altered
marriage; but no diminution
followed the change; and al-
comparatively speaking, one
a palace and the other in a cot-
ter intercourse was as frequent
dial as heretofore. Time wore
son became the father of two
a boy and a girl; while Hol-
family consisted but of a son,
e only lived to see attain the
fifteen years. The calamity
Mrs. Holcroft a widow, ap-
to have the effect of binding
son yet closer to the friend of
th; and thus it happened that
Edward Holcroft and Emma
were brought up together, al-
brother and sister. I know not
re was any natural similarity
between those young persons
d, from what I have heard, I am
to a contrary opinion—but af-
—such affection as that to which
stant companionship gave rise
a similarity of taste, if it does
ly it. Thus it happened that
long before, it may be—the
people had attained the respec-
of sixteen and eighteen, their
were linked together by an affec-
which every year of their ac-
ce had added strength, without
ing its purity. That their at-
t had not escaped the observa-
Benson, was certain, for he had
an once been heard to joke on
ect; while his wife regarded the
d connexion with more than
ency.

Years more elapsed, and Ed-
olcroft attained the age of twen-
and with it the patrimonial es-
rich, small though it were, gave
te for the county—a fatal privi-
him, poor fellow! as the event
for an election occurred short-
wards, and, unfortunately, he
Benson took opposite views of
ective candidates. That each
according to his conscientious-
ons, I believe there was no
a the minds of any one who
em; and Edward, who carried
mor with him to the hustings,
it away with him. Not so,
r, Mr. Benson, who, piqued at
acy of his arguments in gain-
other over to his views, and
her exasperated by the defeat of
idate whose cause he had es-
proceeded to the extremity of
g Edward the house, and inter-
any communication between
and her friend.

It would have been well had the mis-
chief stopped here; but Benson, altho'
when unopposed, was what is usually
termed a good quiet sort of a man, was
a perfect fury when aroused by what
he conceived insult or injury. There
was a certain field which had been pur-
chased by Mrs. Holcroft, since she be-
came a widow, and which she cultivated,
in addition to her husband's patrimony,
and the land she had rented. Edward,
it should be mentioned to his honor,
had, notwithstanding his coming of age,
treated the widow, in all respects, as he
had done before that event, so that no
division of the farm took place, but he
continued to manage the whole, as the
agent of his mother. The field in ques-
tion was a very valuable one, and had
been purchased at a lower rate than the
average price of that quality of land, in
consideration of there being, as was
supposed, a link wanting in the title. As,
however, the right of possession could
never, even under this supposed defect,
be challenged, except by Mr. Benson,
compared with whose estate it was a
drop of water to the ocean, the risk
was considered as next to nothing, and
the purchase was completed.

It has been well said that there are
few occasions of quarrel which conduct
persons to such extremes of temper as
political differences; and thus it was
that Benson, not content with the com-
paratively passive means of showing
his resentment, to which he had, as we
have seen, resorted, determined on avail-
ing himself of the defective title, as the
engine for consummating his vengeance.
Notices of ejection were accordingly
served, and the usual battallia of the
law arrayed against the widow, who
was compelled to throw herself into the
hands of an attorney; and he—would
he had been the only disgrace the pro-
fession has known—was a scoundrel,
who having led her to the threshold of
a court of law, and drawn every shil-
ling from her purse, there abandoned
her, because she could no longer satisfy
his rapacity. It is unnecessary to dwell
upon, for the reader will readily im-
agine, the grief of Mrs. Benson at the
persecution to which the friend of her
youth was thus subject from the hus-
band of her bosom, as well as the still
more bitter anguish which pierced the
bosoms of Edward and Emma, and rent
the heart of the widow.

Matters were at this pass, when the
rent of Mrs. Holcroft's farm became
due, and the money which had been laid
by to discharge it was in the pocket of
the lawyer; while, to add to her calami-
ties, the county assizes were at hand,
when, as the cause would be undefend-
ed, the triumph of her persecutor would
be complete, and the "widow's field"
would pass into the hands of the spoiler.
The "rent day" passed over, and
Mrs. Holcroft was in daily expectation
of the dread summons to "The Hall,"
which awaited defaulters, for it was the
custom of Lord Dalebury to see his
tenants upon such occasions. At last
the mandate came, and the widow pre-
pared to obey it. She had never seen
his lordship, except at a distance; he
had the reputation, with many who pro-
fessed to know him, of being a cold,
haughty nobleman, and so reserved and
exclusive in his bearing, that it was said
of him, that "he was rather felt than
seen" in the neighborhood.

The feelings with which the widow
entered the library, into which she was
ushered to the presence of Lord Dale-
bury will readily be conceived. He
was standing with his back to the fire,
reading a newspaper, from which he
raised his eyes as his visitor timidly ad-
vanced a few paces from the door,
which was immediately closed behind
her. His lordship glanced at a memo-
randum which was lying on a writing
table at his elbow, and then said, "Your
name is Holcroft, I believe?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the widow.

"How is it," he inquired, "that the
rent, which has, I understand, been
hitherto punctually paid by your late
husband and yourself, is not forthcoming
on the present occasion? I am told
that your crops have been abundant,
and the price of corn is higher than it
has been for years."

The cold, equable tone in which these
words were delivered, struck like ice to
the heart of his auditor, who, at last,
however, summoned firmness enough to
tell her story, which, when she had fin-
ished, his lordship referred again to his
notes, and then said:

"And so the last year's harvest has
found its way into the pocket of the
lawyer, instead of into that of the land-
lord!" As he spoke, he rang the bell,
and ordered that his steward might be
sent to him, when, quick as thought,
that functionary was in attendance.

"Henderson," (said the nobleman,)
"take this good woman to your office,
and give her a receipt for the rent in
arrear, and then see that the papers re-

lative to an act of ejectment which
has been brought against her by the
person up at the grange yonder, be
transferred from her solicitor to mine,
and bid him be prompt, for, as I gather,
there is no time to lose."

The steward hesitated, and venturing
a step or two nearer to his master than
the prescribed distance, he said, "Your
lordship is aware that Mr. Benson has a
vote for the county—and my young
lord—"

"And if he had twenty votes, it
would not affect the justice of this poor
widow's cause," returned the peer, in a
somewhat sharp key, which, however,
he immediately moderated, and added
mildly, "Henderson, you will see to this
matter for me."

His lordship then, with something
approaching to a smile upon his lip, dis-
missed his visitor, and dropping his eyes
again over the newspaper, resumed its
perusal as if nothing had occurred to
interrupt it.

The result was that in the cause 'Ben-
son vs. Holcroft,' the plaintiff was de-
feated, and, in addition to the privilege
of paying his own costs and the defend-
ant's, had the satisfaction of knowing
that instead of ruining the widow, his
prosecution had been the means of rais-
ing up for her a powerful patron in
Lord Dalebury.

The mortification of his pride, how-
ever, was not the only punishment
which Benson was doomed to undergo
for his unholy persecution of the widow
and the fatherless. With all his faults
—and they were not a few—want of
natural affection was not of the num-
ber; and if he loved one being more
than another, it was his daughter Emma.
For some time she had been drooping,
but her father attributed the change that
had come over her to the circumstances
which had separated her from her friends,
the Holcrofts; nor, perhaps, in the first
instance, was he very wide of the mark.
At last, however, his fears became awak-
ened; professional advice was resorted
to; and then, after some weeks spent
in medical experiments, there fell upon
his heart, with almost benumbing force,
the terrible—aye, terrible is the word—
announcement that Death had set his
seal upon her brow, and there was no
hope! Alas! it is on occasions like
these, when our worldly prosperity is
at the flood, and we are "adding house
to house and field to field," and when
we say to our soul, "Soul, thou hast
much goods laid up for many years,"
that we feel the arm of the Lord is not
shortened, that it cannot smite as well
as save. O! what is wealth, what is
fame, when the smile of the world, or
the world's kings, to the father who
gazes upon the death-bed of his child!
O! would he not freely resign all that
calls him master, to redeem his darling
from the grave—nay, would he not glad-
ly give "his own life for the life of him?"

It was at this juncture that I was un-
expectedly called on to play my part in
the drama. I was sitting alone one
evening, after dinner, when my servant
announced a visitor in the person of
Edward Holcroft. The purport of his
mission I could not conjecture; but, as
from the little I knew of him person-
ally, and from more that I had heard of
his exemplary life, I had long felt an in-
terest in him; I desired that he might
be admitted immediately. He explain-
ed to me the purport of his call, under
great excitement of feeling; it had re-
ference to the melancholy condition of
Emma Benson, of whom, although he
had not been permitted to see her, he
had, by some private means, daily intel-
ligence; and he now came to implore of
me to endeavor to obtain an opportu-
nity of forming an opinion on her case,
as he had no confidence in the medical
man by whom she was attended.

I told him that it was a matter in
which I could not come forward, unless
requested to do so by her parents, with
whom I was not upon such terms as
would warrant a voluntary call; neither
did I know, even by name, the practi-
tioner in whose hands she then was.

The young man confessed to me that
he was not blind to the difficulties in the
way of my compliance with his wishes,
and further acknowledged that those
difficulties were greatly enhanced by the
jealousy of the said practitioner of
any interference which might supersede
his own services, or expose his want of
skill; while, on the other hand, Mr. Ben-
son was so entirely "wrapt up" in him,
that he would listen to advice from no
other quarter. In conclusion, he told
me that he had come to see me as a for-
lorn hope, on the bare possibility of my
being able to devise some method of
getting an interview with the patient.

"I would willingly—gladly," I said,
"do any thing to relieve your anxiety
on this subject; but I fear it is impossi-
ble. What is the name of the apothec-
ary—such, I think, you called him—who
attends her?"

"Enterwick," was his reply.

"Enterwick—Enterwick!" I rejoined
—repeating the name, which, though an
odd one, sounded familiar to me;—then,
after a pause, I added, "If it be the man
whom that name calls to my memory,
his skill is about upon a par with his
principle, and I am not very likely to
get an interview with the young lady,
if he can prevent it. Nevertheless, I
will make an effort—we can but fail,
after all—so if you will be my guide,
for the road is a strange one to me, I
will order my horse, and we will go
forthwith."

My first visit was to the village Æ-
sculapius, whose house I caused to be
pointed out to me by my guide, of whom
I took leave for the present, having ap-
pointed a rendezvous at which we should
meet, before I quitted the place. I found
the doctor *en dishabille*, plying his own
pestle with extraordinary perseverance
and power. He was a little "taken a-
back" by my unexpected and unan-
nounced visit; but soon regaining his
self-possession, he threw aside his apron,
and, under the impression that I came
to consult him, ushered me into a little
room adjoining his shop.

Undeceiving him as to the purport of
my visit, I told him, without disclosing
my name, that I was greatly interested
in the fate of a patient under his care,
and should feel obliged by his favoring
me with his candid opinion of her case.

"As clear a case," he replied with
oracular confidence, "as ever came with-
in my practice—the heart—affection of
the heart."

"Organic or functional?" I asked.

"Organic, beyond a question," was
his reply; which he followed up by in-
quiring: "Are you of the profession,
sir?"

I acknowledged that I was.

"Then, sir," he rejoined, reddening
with anger, "you must pardon me for
saying that this conduct is extremely
unprofessional, and whoever or what-
ever you may be, I will admit of no in-
terference, on the part of a stranger, with
a patient under my care. It is unpro-
fessional—very unprofessional," he ad-
ded, his wrath waxing warmer as he
spoke, "and, let me tell you sir, ungen-
tlemanly, into the bargain."

"Be it the one or the other or both,"
I answered, "I am quite willing to take
upon myself the consequences; but in
the mean time, am I to understand that
you object to my seeing the young
lady?"

"Decidedly," was his reply.

"I am sorry for that," I said, "for I
must see her."

"What?" inquired he, "do you mean
to say that you will visit her whether
her parents consent or not?"

"Nay, you will obtain their permis-
sion—that is, you will recommend them
to call me in," I rejoined coolly, but
with difficulty suppressing a smile.

"—your impudence!" he exclam-
ed.

"Don't swear; it is unprofessional,
very unprofessional, and ungentlemanly
into the bargain," returned I, quoting
his own words. "And," I added, "that
you may be at no loss to announce me,
here is my card." As I spoke, I shifted
my position, so that the light from the
window fell upon my face, and thus
confronting him, I waited the result of
my manœuvre.

He looked at the card and then at
me, with an air in which perplexity and
fear were mingled. "If you have any
doubt of my identity," I resumed, "I
will bring to your mind one or two cir-
cumstances which occurred on the eve
of your quitting the metropolis for a
provincial practice, and which, you will
perhaps recollect, are known to only
one person besides yourself, and he
stands before you."

Every vestige of the fellow's effron-
tery and hardihood vanished in an in-
stant; he quailed beneath my some-
what sarcastic look, like a whipped
hound, and instantly expressed his wil-
lingness to do all I wished; thus the de-
sired interview was managed by him-
self, who, as I had suggested, advised
my being called in.

If I had not been previously interest-
ed in the girl's case, her appearance
would have made me so; her illness—
and she was very ill, beyond all ques-
tion—had touched, but not impaired,
the surpassing beauty which she had in-
herited from her mother, and there was
a repose in the style of her loveliness
which harmonized sweetly with the
simple grace of her manners, apparent
even through the languor of disease.

I gave her case a long and attentive
consideration, and when I had formed
my opinion, I retired with the apothec-
ary into an adjoining apartment, the
door of which I had no sooner closed
than he exclaimed, "Well, Doctor, I
think you'll agree with me—the poor
thing's heart is diseased."

"As much as mine is," I replied, and

before he could rejoin, I added, "Mr.
Enterwick, we understand each other,
I think; and therefore ceremony, on an
occasion like the present, would be su-
perfluous and a waste of time. That
you have mistaken the case I have no
manner of doubt, and thus the means
you have adopted to diminish the cir-
culation have aggravated the disease,
which, whatever might have been its
origin, is a general debility, the result,
probably, of mere functional derange-
ment. Now I will let you down as easi-
ly as I can, and you may make the best
story that you can to the young lady's
friends, but you must leave the case in
my hands."

I next adjourned to the apartment in
which the parents were anxiously await-
ing my report; and, on my entrance,
was greeted by the eager inquiry from
the father, "if there was an affection of
the heart?"

"I think it more than probable there
is," I answered with a smile, "although
not of the kind you apprehend."

"Then," exclaimed he, catching a
gleam of hope from the cheerfulness
with which I addressed him, "you can
save my darling!"

"My dear sir, I rejoined, "it is the
province of *osx* only 'to kill and make
alive,' yet I trust that, with His blessing
on my endeavors, your daughter may
be restored."

"Bless you! Heaven bless you! for
those words of comfort!" cried the agi-
tated parents, almost in a breath; and
both of them wept, for the first time
for many a weary week, tears of thank-
fulness and joy.

Their joy, great as it was, scarcely
surpassed that of Edward Holcroft,
when I communicated to him the issue
of my interview. Not to prolong my
story, I will add, in brief, that the re-
sult justified my prognostic, and the
dmsel recovered. I was leaving the
house on my last visit, when I was fol-
lowed to my horse by Mr. Benson, who,
after repeating his regret that I persist-
ed in refusing the customary acknow-
ledgement of my professional assist-
ance, implored me to name, either then
or thereafter, any means by which he
could show his gratitude.

I had intended to open my mind to
him on this subject, and was not sorry
that he himself paved the way for my
doing so. Accordingly, passing my
arm through my horse's bridle, I took
Mr. Benson's arm with the other, and,
as we walked slowly up the lane which
led from his house, I said in reply to
his remark:

"Yes, Mr. Benson, there is one point
in which you could gratify me far be-
yond what any pecuniary compensation
could effect. You are at enmity with
the widow Holcroft—nay, hear me out
—but for her son, I should never have
interfered in the matter of your daugh-
ter, who, I have no hesitation in say-
ing, would have sunk under the errone-
ous treatment to which she was sub-
jected, had it been persevered in a month
longer. Now, I put it to you, wheth-
er, under those circumstances, and look-
ing to the signal mercy for which you
have had so recently occasion to be
grateful, would it not be an acceptable
act in, the sight of God, and a grateful
one in the eyes of men, if you were to
receive, once more, to your bosom the
widow and her son, who will be but
too happy to forget all that has passed."

Mr. Benson paused a few moments,
passed his hand over his eyes, and then
said: "Doctor, believe me when I say
that my heart has often softened to-
wards them, and I have repented of
what I have done; but pride and shame
—the false shame of confessing my er-
ror—have restrained me. Will you add
to the favors you have heaped upon me,
by being the messenger of reconciliation?"

I need scarcely say that I joyfully
undertook the office, and with such suc-
cess that before two months had elapsed,
the families were bound together by a
firmer tie than ever, namely, the union
of Edward Holcroft and Emma Benson.

The British Government are on the
point of sending out an expedition to
the Antarctic circle, for the purpose of
making magnetic observations in the
Southern hemisphere.

The Artesian well, which is now be-
ing sunk in the principal court of the
abbatoir of Genelle, in Paris, has already
reached a depth of 440 metres, or 1,320
French feet, but no water has yet been
met with. It is proposed to extend the
bore to 1,500 feet, and then, if water is
not found, the municipal council will
decide as to further operations.

The Wilmington (N. C.) Advertiser
mentions the death of Mr. Pollock, of
Roanoke, and adds, that he was prob-
ably the largest slave holder in the United
States, owning upwards of 2000.

General Samuel Houston, of Texas,
had arrived at New Orleans, on his way
to Virginia Springs.